PRICE, 15 CENTS.

MARY ANN.

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

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GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N Y.

MARY ANN

A Comedy In One Act

BY HELEN P. HOORNBEEK

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

PS635
.Z9H782

MARY ANN.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. WHITMAN.....*A widow*
MARGARET.....*Her daughter*
MRS. LARKIN.....*Who wants to find out*
ESTELLE.....*Mrs. Larkin's daughter*
MARY ANN BARROWBY.....*Mrs. Whitman's maid*
JABE DEWBERRY.*Who does not appear, but is nevertheless important*

TIME.—*The present.* LOCALITY.—*Slocum's Corners.*
TIME OF PLAYING.—*Thirty minutes.*

COSTUMES.

Modern, according to characters portrayed.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Pan of potatoes, potato knife, and letter for MARY ANN. Letter for MRS. WHITMAN. Work-bag and fancy work for MRS. LARKIN. Hat, coat and valise for ESTELLE. Hat, coat and valise for MARGARET.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R., means right-hand; L., left-hand; C., center of stage; D. R., door at right; D. L., door at left. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

2
$0.5
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SEP 12 1916
No 1.

MARY ANN.

SCENE.—Mrs. Whitman's *sitting-room. Doors* L. *and* R. *Window* UP R. *Sofa* UP L. *Table with lamp, books, work-basket, letter, papers, etc.,* C. *Rocking-chairs each side of table, and small stool. Other furniture as may be desired. Whistle heard outside of window; repeated.*

ENTER D. L. Mary Ann, *pan of potatoes under arm, knife in hand.*

Mary Ann (*listens to whistles and giggles happily*). Wal, ef it ain't Jabe. I jest knowed he'd be around some time this mornin', I'm right down glad ter see him but I calc'late ter keep him waitin' a spell. Don't dew ter show these men ye be tew anxious ter see 'em. (*Whistle heard again outside*) Laws, I ain't got the heart to torment him any longer, I'll jest hev tew answer. (*Goes to window and leans out*) Naow, yew jest get erlong with yerself, Jabe Dewberry. Ain't ye got any work of your own ter dew 'thout pesterin' an' hinderin' them as hev?—Wal, ain't I allus busy——Huh, praise be I a'n't as lazy as some folks be, if I was I declare to man I'd——I dunno—I ain't got no time ter waste a-goin' ter sociables.——Tain't that, Jabe, honest. I'd jest as lieve go with yew as anybody but— All right, I s'pose I'll go.— Oh, go on with your lallygaggin'— Good-bye, Jabe. (*Blows a kiss and stands looking out of window*)

Mrs. Whitman (*off stage*). Mary Ann! Mary Ann! Mary Ann!

Mary Ann. Oh lawsy, Mrs. Whitman. (*Starts toward* D. L.)

ENTER D. L. Mrs. Whitman.

Mrs. Whitman. Mary Ann! Oh, there yew are. For the

land's sakes, what be yew adoin' with them pertaters in here? Why ain't they been peeled long ago? (*Glances out of window*) What's that Jabe Dewberry a-doin' in our yard? Never see a good-for-naught yet that didn't have time ter spare a-hanging raound my premises. Wal, go peel your pertaties, Mary Ann.

MARY ANN. Yas'm. [EXIT D. L.

MRS. WHITMAN (*sitting in rocking-chair and taking out a letter*) Heaven help me! What *be* I agoin' to do. (*Rocks*)

ENTER D. R. ESTELLE.

ESTELLE. Ma wants to know if you will lend her a cup of sugar, she's all out, and she wants to make a cake like the recipe Mrs. Smith gave her that lives down town because it only takes one egg an' its cheap, so she's going to make one for the church supper to-night. See Margaret got a letter from her beau, so did I, but ma don't know it, did——

MRS. WHITMAN. Mercy sakes, Estelle! Wal, go on out into the kitchen an' Mary Ann 'll give yew some sweetnin'. (EXIT D. L. ESTELLE) Some folks is bound tew find out everythin'. I hope her ma won't get wind o' this. (*Reads*)

"Dear Madam:

We regret to inform you that unless the overdue interest on the mortgage held upon your farm by H. G. Dunn is paid within 30 days, steps will be taken to foreclose.

Yours truly,
H. G. Dunn & Co."

What be I a-going tew dew! What *kin* I dew! Well, I won't tell Margaret yet. What would be the use? An' I'll hev tew try an' raise the money, someway.

MARGARET (*off stage*). Oh, Mary Ann, what do I know about you and Jabe Dewberry. Where's mother? (ENTER D. L. MARGARET) Oh, mother.

MRS. WHITMAN. Yes, Margaret?

MARGARET. Oh, the mail's come. Anything for me?

MRS. WHITMAN. Yes, on the table.

MARGARET. I see. (*Takes letter*) Why, mother, you're all of a tremble. What's the matter?

MRS. WHITMAN. Nothin', Margaret, I've been ironin' by the stove an' got het up some.

MARGARET. You'd ought to be more careful. (*Opens letter*) Oh, mother, good news!

MRS. WHITMAN. Glad tew hear that, what is it?

MARGARET (*sits on stool at mother's feet*). Mother, listen, I'm going to tell you something very important. I—well, mother—well—John has asked me to marry him and I have said I would. We want to get married in June, just a little home wedding. Mother—and John and I tho't we really need a man here on the farm—things are going to rack and ruin—we'd come back here to live, and pay our share of expenses. Of course, we haven't consulted you as we should, but our plans have been so indefinite and I knew you wanted me with you and John says——

MRS. WHITMAN. Don't plan too much, dearie, for your plans may get a spill.

MARGARET. Why, mother, what do you mean?

MRS. WHITMAN. Just what I say. I don't want you to start in building castles in Spain that mebbe—will—will be—er—mortgaged an' foreclosed on.

MARGARET (*standing up*). Why, mother, what a queer expression. Are you joking? No, I can see you're not. Mother, you don't want me to give up John?

MRS. WHITMAN. Mebbe yew'd better.

MARGARET. Mother—I can't—I won't. If you don't want us here, we'll go somewhere else, but I can't give— (*Knock heard at* D. R.)

MRS. WHITMAN. Sh—here comes that meddlesome busybody of a Mrs. Larkin. (MRS. WHITMAN *goes to* D. R.) Come in, Mrs. Larkin, fine day.

ENTER D. R. MRS. LARKIN, *carrying work-bag.*

MRS. LARKIN (*sits in other rocking-chair and takes out fancy work*). Yes, for them as likes sech dry weather, but our spring is getting low. The Jones' spring is all dried up an' they're a luggin' water. You kin see the whole family go streakin' by one after t'other. Say, I see yew got a letter from Utica this mornin'. Good news, I hope. Seems tho' bad news was a pilin' in on everybody. I hear Jabe Dewberry is a sparkin' your Mary Ann. Yew don't heve much luck keepin' a girl, dew yew! Mercy me, I sh'd think yew'd get one of these here indignant widows or an ol' maid so humbly she'd scare the crows away 'sted of one of these here likely young gals the fellers are allus trailin'. How many does this make yew've hed?

MRS. WHITMAN. Only five.

MRS. LARKIN. Enough I sh'd say. (*Running to window*) Ef there ain't Jabe Dewberry leanin' over your stone wall talkin' to Mary Ann naow. I sh'd think yew'd put a stop to it.

MRS. WHITMAN. Mary Ann might do worse. Jabe's got money.

MRS. LARKIN. Only he's too stingy tew spend it. Well, I must be runnin' on. (*Goes to* D. R., *then comes back*) Yew said that letter wan't nothin' important, didn't yew? (*Goes to door, but returns*) Oh, Estelle said Margaret got a letter from her beau this mornin', when 's she goin' tew git merried?

MRS. WHITMAN. Mebbe soon, mebbe not fer a long time, mebbe never.

MRS. LARKIN. Wal, I snum, your plans be kind o' indefinite, ben't they? Wal, I must be agoin'. (*Goes to* D. R. *and comes back*) By the way——

ENTER R. D. ESTELLE, *breathless.*

ESTELLE (*runs in to her mother*). Oh, excuse me, ma. The doctor just drove into old Mrs. Bates' yard——

MRS. LARKIN. That so? I must be goin', Mrs. Whitman, an' Estelle, we might run in on our way back hum an' see if there's anything we kin do. Didn't find out what was the matter, did yew? (ESTELLE, *still breathless, shakes her head*) We'll stop in. One can's be too neighborly.

[EXEUNT D. R. MRS. LARKIN *and* ESTELLE, *hurriedly.*

MRS. WHITMAN. How some folks dew love tew find out other folks' business. Mary Ann, Mary Ann— (ENTER D. L. MARY ANN) Got them pertaters peeled yet, Mary Ann?

MARY ANN. Yas'm.

MRS. WHITMAN. It's a wonder. Now I'll git the meat into the oven. [EXIT D. L.

ENTER D. R. MARGARET. *Her eyes are red.*

MARY ANN. Margaret, be yew a-cryin'?

MARGARET. I don't know as it's any of your affairs, Mary Ann Barrowby, but if you must know, I am.

MARY ANN (*aside*). Whee, but we're touchy. (*Aloud*) I dunno as I want ter pry int' your affairs, but I kind a felt sorry to see yew a-feelin' blue when your ma looks 'sif every minute was a goin' tew be her next an' I got troubles of my own tew.

MARGARET. Do you know what's the matter with mother?

MARY ANN. No, I don't.

MARGARET (*crying*). I just hate everybody and everything. And I was going to be so happy, too. (*Sits*)

MARY ANN (*patting her shoulder*). There, Margaret, don't cry. Ez the poet sez "The course of trew love hez got considerable corduroy in it." But there, everything will come out all right.

MARGARET (*rising*). I hope so, Mary Ann, but I doubt it. [EXIT D. R.

MARY ANN. Trouble an' lots of it—an' more. I'm going to find out what it is. (*Picks up letter*) Wonder what this is. From Utica, to Mrs. Whitman. Do I dast read it, I wonder. I hope it ain't a sin fer I'm a-goin' tew. (*Reads letter*) The poor old soul. Ain't that a shame now—I'd like to help her all the samie. I tell yew what I'll dew. I'll tell Jabe, an' if anybody kin fix it up, it's that Jabe Dewberry. [EXIT D. L.

ENTER D. R. ESTELLE, *with hat, coat and valise. Slams door and trips over valise.*

ESTELLE. Oh, bother that valise, it's everlastingly tripping me up. (*Kicks it*) Take that, you old elephant. Wonder where Margaret is. (ENTER D. L. MARY ANN) Mary Ann, where's Margaret?

MARY ANN. Oh, I dunno, raound here someheres. Want ter see her fer anything special? She ain't feeling much like company.

ESTELLE. Since when have I been company for Margaret to receive, but if you would be so kind and condescending as to ask her ladyship to come down off her high horse long enough to give me ten minutes of her valuable time I should be much obliged. (*Bows to* MARY ANN)

MARY ANN. All right, if that's the way yew feel about it. (*Aside*) My, that girl gets more pert, every day. She's getting jest like her ma. [EXIT D. L.

ESTELLE (*at window*). Here comes Margaret now. For the love of liberty what has she got a valise for? Yoo-ooh, Margaret. (*Waves and beckons*)

ENTER D. R. MARGARET, *carrying valise.*

MARGARET. Hello, Estelle, glad to see you.

ESTELLE (*hauling out valise*). I've come bag and baggage.

MARGARET. Mercy, what for? (*Sits on couch*)

ESTELLE (*slamming down valise*). I simply can't stand ma's

ways any longer. (*Begins to cry*) You know I correspond with Teddy. All along I've kind of thought ma read my letters and this morning I watched her, and she steamed one open over the tea-kettle, read it, and sealed it up again. So I just packed up and came over here. But where are you going?

MARGARET (*pulling* ESTELLE *down beside her on the couch*). Promise you won't tell.

ESTELLE. Hope to die.

MARGARET. Well, as mother won't give her consent to my marriage I'm going to elope.

ESTELLE (*hugging* MARGARET). That's just too romantic for words. Come on. I'll help you. Bound for the station?

MARGARET. Yes.

ESTELLE. I'll walk down with you.

[EXIT D. R. MARGARET *and* ESTELLE.

ENTER D. L. MRS. WHITMAN *and* MRS. LARKIN.

MRS. WHITMAN. No, I ain't seen Estelle. Sit down, dew. Mind if I dew my mendin'? What made you think she was over here?

MRS. LARKIN. Dunno where else she could be. Why, there's her valise, as I'm a livin' sinner.

MRS. WHITMAN. Why, so it is. Naow, ain't that odd. She and Margaret are probably off somewhere. They'll turn up come meal-time.

MRS. LARKIN. I s'pose so. Well, good-bye. [EXIT D. R.

MRS. WHITMAN. I've no heart for anything. Oh Asa—Asa, why did the Lord have tew take yew when I needed yew so, I can't bear tew see our farm—*our* farm, Asa, *yours* and *mine*, where we were so happy so many years, go to strangers. What will I do, (*Breaks down*) what will I do!

ENTER D. L. MARY ANN.

MARY ANN. Got somethin' tew say tew yew, ma'am, an' ez it's right long I guess I'll hev a cheer. (*Sits*) Ye see, Mrs. Whitman, ma'am, I heard, never mind haow, ez yew was a-goin' ter be foreclosed on, so I went tew Jabe—Jabe he wants I should marry him come next Spring. An' I sez, sez I—Mrs. Whitman, she's been good tew me, sez I, an' give me a home when I didn't hev no other, sez I, an' she's larnt me all I know an' she's been kind tew me, sez I, when there warn't another living soul cared whether I lived or died. I ain't got no learnin', sez I, an' I

don't come from the most high-toned fambly what there is, sez I, but I know this much, sez I, that it ain't everybody that would take an orphant girl right into their home, sez I—and be good tew 'em, an' naow, Jabe Dewberry, I sez, sez I, if yew want me, yew kin jest help Mrs. Whitman aout.

MRS. WHITMAN. Why, Mary Ann!

MARY ANN. Wal, Jabe, he's tight, but he's got a good heart, Jabe hez, an' he'll loan yew the money, he sez. An' when Margaret gets married and John gets ter running the farm yew kin pay him back as yew are able. An' me an Jabe's goin' tew get married in April, so I'll hev tew give yew notice. Naow, don't say one word, Mrs. Whitman, for it's no more than you'd dew yourself. [EXIT D. L., *hurriedly.*

MRS. WHITMAN. Wal, I snum. Who'd a thought—I don't know what—where is Margaret. Naow, I kin tell her everythin' an' she'll understand why I've done as I hev done—about her an' John an' oh, if there are angels on this earth they are Jabe Dewberry and Mary Ann Barrowby. [EXIT D. L.

ENTER D. L. MRS. LARKIN.

MRS. LARKIN. Where can Estelle be—I am so worried I don't know what tew dew. Mary Ann, Mary Ann!

ENTER D. L. MARY ANN.

MARY ANN. Yas'm.

MRS. LARKIN. Seen Estelle?

MARY ANN. Nope.

MRS. LARKIN. Dearie me— Where can she hev gone? What will her pa say? All this fuss over a fool letter there wan't nothin' in anyhow, an' won't her pa hev a fit, fer if there's one person on the face of the map Tom Larkin thinks is perfect, it's Estelle—mebbe he's got a right to think so fer they're as alike as two pins. Estelle never got that uppish disposition from my side of the family. But if I can make it up I won't open any more of her mail.

MARY ANN. Here's a note fer yew, Mrs. Larkin. I faound it on my kitchen table. Looks like Estelle's writing. [EXIT D. L.

MRS. LARKIN. I vow! (*Reads*) "Dear Ma, Me an' Margaret have gone to the station. She's going to marry John and I'm going to Aunt Ella's.—Estelle." Well, did yew ever. The little minx. What will her pa say? (ENTER D. L. MRS. WHITMAN) Mrs. Whitman.

MRS. WHITMAN. Yes?
MRS. LARKIN. Read that!
MRS. WHITMAN. Well, for the— Mary Ann, Mary Ann.

ENTER D. L. MARY ANN.

MARY ANN. Yas'm.
MRS. WHITMAN. Margaret's gone.
MARY ANN. Gone? Wal, I be jiggered!
MRS. LARKIN. What be yew agoin' tew dew?
MRS. WHITMAN. What kin I dew? Nothin' tew dew ez I kin see. Oh, Margaret—Margaret. (*Weeps*)
MARY ANN. Here, ma'am, don't take on so. It'll be all right——

ENTER D. R. ESTELLE *and* MARGARET.

MRS. WHITMAN. Margaret!
MARGARET (*runs to her*). Oh, mother, I couldn't leave you, I couldn't do it, though I meant to. But I got to thinking how good and kind you were—and how worried you had seemed lately. Then I realized I was misjudging you when I thought you didn't want me to be happy so I came back.
MRS. WHITMAN. There's a lot to explain, but everythin' is all right now. Yew got a lot tew thank Mary Ann an' Jabe for, an' I got a lot tew explain, but when I tell yew all about it ye'll see I couldn't dew other from what I did dew an' now yew kin git merried and yew an' John kin stay right here on the old farm.
MARGARET. Oh, mother! (*They sit on the couch and talk aside*)
MRS. LARKIN. Estelle, be yew a-comin' hum?
ESTELLE. No, I ain't.
MARGARET. Estelle!
ESTELLE. No, I shan't an' I wont.
MRS. LARKIN. Come, Estelle, I wont open any more of your letters—they ain't worth readin' anyhow.
ESTELLE. They may not be worth readin' but I don't want everybody opening them on the sly.
MRS. LARKIN. Oh come, child, dinner's ready an' yew kin keep your letters fer all o' me.
MARGARET. I'd go, Estelle.
ESTELLE. Well, I will this time, but——
[EXEUNT D. R. MRS. LARKIN *and* ESTELLE.

MARY ANN (*at window*). Here comes Jabe naow. Jabe! Jabe! Come on in.

MRS. WHITMAN. Yes, Mary Ann, dew. Yew jest go aout an' bring him in so't we kin all thank him an' goodness knows we hev cause to thank——

ALL. Jabe Dewberry and Mary Ann.

CURTAIN.

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